

THE
English Rechabite,
OR, A
DEFYANCE
To *BACCHUS* and all his WORKS.

A
POEM
IN

LXVII. HEXASTICHS:

Wherein is rendred a plenary and full Account how
Wines are *pejorated*, (or reduced from *better* to *worse*;) and by Admixture of what *heterogeneous* bodies they become corrupted and marr'd.

WITH
A privy, light Search into Dame *Nature's Closet*, how she orders her Matters as to *Physick* and *Food* for mortal Wights.

By *R. W.* a Wellwisher to the Body natural as well as politick.

Præpar. Whetstone. Nov. 9. 1686. Vol. 2. p. 786. J. R.

Natura nil facit frustra, Arist. de *Animalibus*, lib. 8.

——— *Utile multis*

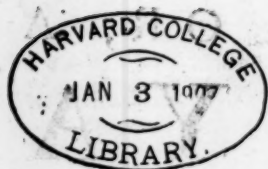
Pallere, & Vinum toto nescire Decembri, Juven. Sat. 7.

LONDON,

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THE

English Language



The gift of
Ernest Blaney Lane

P O E M

IN

LXVII. HEXASTICH:

Whereto is joined a history and full account how
We are by nature (or created from birth to death)
and by Accident of what persons we live in
become corrupted and finally

A private light sent into some of the
dark places of the mind and heart

By R. W. a Well-wisher to the Body manual as
well as political

London: Printed by W. L. G. for the Author, 1877.

(3)

THE

English Rechabite:

A

POEM.

I.

THE Backward Spring is o're, and *Valentine*
Was our *Memento* to abandon Wine:
Nature is not grown yet so wondrous old,
But she hath wherewithall to keep out cold;
Nor need we be beholden to the Grape
While we have in our Veins a kinder Sap.

II.

Farewell, thou wadling *W's* Sire, thou God,
By whom Mens Brains half Pickl'd are, half Sod,
Off from your Sign-post, and your Bush pluck down,
And sit no longer like the Man i'th' Moon,
Lest when the Devil has next his Back-side sing'd
He take thee up, and see thee soundly swing'd.

III.

Thou no such Friend to high and lofty Veins,
Thou *Ottoman* stranger to Pindarick strains,
Thou health and wealth's exhauster, Reason's Foe,
Whose drunken Priests Oaths are *ne'r stir, ne'r goe*;
Yet reel to th' Altar with their As and Goat,
You found the Kernel for * *Anacreno's* Throat.

[* Choak'd with
a Grape-stone.

What

(4)

IV.

What art thou Brat of *Jove*, for whose dear sake
 Few men in real good much pleasure take ?
 For thy sake once Mount *Ida* was beguil'd,
 And *Ganymede* to an Eagle made a Child ;

Drink you then * *Mævia* off, and *Ida* too, [* *Mart. Lib. 24*
Epig. 72.
 We have but one life, though twice born was you.

V.

The *Bacchanalia* first your self begun,
 Where thou, in bulk as big, bestrid'st a Tun,
 Where every brisk *Elixir* did abound
 That the Star-Chamber with your Heads ran round ;
 Where had not *Venus* been most dismal Drunk,
Vulcan had never got so fair a Punk.

VI.

'Tis from your Compotations that her Sails
 Are hoisted when her Husband's Tackling fails ;
 If she may this Mate cull, and that refuse,
 Who blames her if the God of War she chuse ?
 Nor wonder if to his Embrace she yield
 Whose Breast is plated, and whose Back is steel'd.

VII.

What though his Iron-work Nets the *Black-smith* made,
 And caught them at their old and wonted Trade
 Glu'd close in their Embraces, can you think
 Love will confin'd be to a Cuckold's Link ?
 When Man his Mate would Caterwailing find
 Link upon Link won't hold ; *Cat will to kind.*

VIII.

Hence *Cupid* sprang ; that little apish Elf
 That will the Torch hold, though he burn himself ;
 Whose power and might if once he give the Stroke,
 None can resist, no not an Heart of Oak :
 To him we are beholden from above,
 For Presidents to th' Family of Love.

'Twere

IX.

'Twere endless to repeat your mutual Tradings,
 Your interchanging Gloves at Masqueradings ;
 Breeches for Petticoats, and Shirts for Smocks,
 And Hair, when hang'd in one anothers Locks :
 So that *Apollo*, once famous for his own,
 By borrowed Curls and Combings now is known.

X.

Your grand Olympick *Sultan*, * Parent call'd [<sup>* Πάντο δὲ δέσπῃσι
Θεῶν.</sup>]
 Of Gods and Men, how many has he enthrall'd ?
 When laying aside his grandure, various Shapes,
Incognito, he took for various Rapes ;
 And the Cheat over, so demure would seem,
 That *Juno* outrageous has out-thundred him.

XI.

Hence 'tis her Tippet often up is seen,
 Who would prefer an Heifer to a Queen ?
 Who would, if not by art of Magick led
 Compress a Swan to spare a Feather-bed ?
 Wine is that mocker irritates to court
 Though 'twere a Goose, to make the wicked sport.

XII.

Thanks, *Bimater*, for these, and such like Pranks,
 For your Autumnal Vintage many Thanks :
 What day, what hour, if one may freely speak,
 In which *Jove* puts not some one to the Squeak ?
 Pluck up your Vines, if nothing else will doe,
 Rather than tread the *Grape* and *Goddeſs* too.

XIII.

Now to our selves we come, a Generation
 Well wishing to the act of Propagation,
 But feeble, and yet if *Jove* a Rutting goe,
 Who can expect but Minors should do so ?
 Only betwixt the two here lies the odds,
 These act *sub Dio*, clouded act the Gods.

XIV.

Since, *Bacchus*, then these Jiltings from you spring,
 Let us the matter to a period bring :
 What secret Art, what cunning is there us'd
 By which the cheering grape is so abus'd ?
 You'l say untill it came to Vintner's Bung
 Nothing by you, but Blood and Stone-Horse Dung.

XV.

By your good favour, give us leave to ask
 How came your own squeez'd Reisons to the Cask ?
 Your Vine-leaves, Firr ? who robs the Acorn-tree ?
 Who puts in Honey to invite the Bee ?
 Your Must was sick forfooth ; die let your Wine,
 Rather than to be heal'd by Turpentine.

XVI.

With it Half-witted Gallants cleanse their Reins,
 With it does *Monsieur* ease his twinging Pains ;
 When he Coughs Fe, Fe, with his Teeth half out
Mademoiselle she, she brought me to't.
 When Salivated, yet he dares not scrub,
 These are the Issues of Love's Poudring Tub.

XVII.

What *Metamorphosis* is made in Sack
 When once it comes to undergoe the Rack ?
 Sack out of Rhenish, Rhenish out of White ;
 These are the *Trickings* call'd when come to Light.
 Dig deep your Vaults, to hear *Beelzebub* Yell,
 This *misce*, *fiat potio* came from Hell.

XVIII.

In King and no King's Reign one at Bridge-foot,
 Yoakt Man and Wife, (and by no Laws could do't)
 The form (few words are best) *John take thou Joan*
 Rather than bite the Sheets and lie alone ;
 But, Justice, was it not a feeling Curse
 To take their Dash for better and for worse ?

XIX.

O *Mercury*, if thou wast ever kind
 Send *W*—— back again to speak his mind ;
 Let him but tell the Tithe of what he knows,
 And high and low shall cancel what he owes ;
 But this alas is vain to set about,
 The Devil, he kept alive, won't let him do't.

XX.

Speak, *Hermes*, thou that act'st ubiquitary,
 Know'st all the Ingredients of the Apothecary ;
 Thou that wast sharer with *Mal-Cutpurse* once
 In Plate, Rings, Watches stoln, and precious Stones :
 Oblige us with the knowledge how 'tis done,
 That we drink *twenty* things in tasting *one*.

XXI.

Hermes.] Though 'tis beneath our Godship to impart
 Either the Vintner's or Wine-cooper's Art
 And Mystery, yet since the present Age
 Has brought us with our Wings upon the Stage,
 With great applause, what they call Meliorating
 Is Poy'sning meant, and flat Sophisticating.

XXII.

First *Milk*, a wholesome Food, from whence some say
 The Goddesses make *Cream* i'th' Milky way ;
 Of it a Child may fill his Belly full,
 Take up his Satchel and away to School :
 'Twere otherwise with those of years more ripe
 If they should suck Sack-posset from the Pipe.

XXIII.

Next, *Horse-flesh*, though *Bucephalus* it were,
 To guzzle down in Tumblers is not fair ;
 What though a *Jockie* or a *Teague* can eat
 Their meager Steeds for want of better Meat,
 And Colts for Venison, raw, not warm'd with Spice ?
 Our *English* Men have Palates far more nice.

XXIV.

Molossus, or *Bum-Sugar*, chuse you which,
 Invented first by *Circe* to bewitch;
 As sweet, as foul and fulsome, what is it
 But a Confection from th' Infernal Pit?

But to make sure work if that chance to fail,
 They put in *fuzzy, thick, new Bottle Ale*.

XXV.

Would one not stare to see a Barr-boy come
 To knock off *Alabaſter* from a Tomb;
 And taken in the Fact to sneak and whine,
 And cry, *my Maſter wants it for his Wine*.

Sirrah, I charge, if he again commands,
 Thou ſteal no *Fleſh* of his for whom it ſtands.

XXVI.

To let *Salt, Sulphur, Quick-lime, Turn-ſtol* paſs,
 With *Corn decoſticated, Izing-glaſs,*
 The *Juice of Sloes, Starch, Allum, Whites of Eggs,*
 Nay, and the very Wine's own *Lees and Dregs*.
 Theſe and a thouſand ſuch like *Tricks* are tri'd,
 But rich that Veſſel with a wrank *Swine's Hide*.

XXVII.

When to the Board comes a *Weſtphalia Ham*,
 How we admire how we commend the ſame?
 When as that Sow a Pancake would have loſt
 If ſomething elſe the Cook-maid out had toſt;
 And that fine Duck we plump and pleaſant think,
 Grew ſo from Guts and Garbage in the Sink.

XXVIII.

Your *Muſcadale* and your *Frontiniack-Bunch*
 Are as deſtructive as is *Brandy-Punch*;
 We meet and drink Time and our ſelves away,
 Till we not underſtand what 'tis we ſay;
 Fore-fathers at a Well could quench their thirſt,
 Some ſpitefull Hag brought hither Cluſters firſt.

When

XXIX.

When *Hannibal* with brave *Scipio* contended,
 By Vinegar, we read, he was befriended;
 So Energetical (believe't who will)
 It cut through Rocks, and could relent an Hill:
 It seems in those days Wine had Spirits in't,
 Can Hockamore or Bagrack *flea a Flint*?

XXX.

Birch-wine is now come in, and, if Gazette
 May gain belief, much call'd for at a Treat;
 O *Kent-street*, *Kent-street*, thou art half undone,
Westminster Youths will buy Green Twigs or none;
 An Oratour will else be lost, or Poet,
 If any Wine *flea a Flint* 'tis This must do it.

XXXI.

These things are strange, yet stranger Chymists tell,
 If Musk decay, Man's Ordure mends the smell;
 Which to make good if they persist in still,
 Puffs in her Majesty will take it ill:
 Unless such circulations Nature make
 That all things of each other do partake.

XXXII.

How many Load of Muck do Peasants heap
 On Mother Earth if they intend to reap?
 And when the Crop is in, they drink and eat,
 And whistle all out again for Mault and Wheat:
 That this is naked truth is plain and clear,
 However, let my Wine be Wine sincere.

XXXIII.

When Sunday comes, and Sexton tolls all in,
 Out go they for what harm that Week has been;
 Pox take these Pigeons in their Morning Pray'r,
 They gorge more Pulse than they are worth this year:
 But when their Pulse bespeaks a Winding-sheet,
 Then, Doll, clap quick large Pigeons to my Feet.

XXXIV.

Musmelon is so superfine a thing
 First-coming 'tis a Present for a King
 But when the stubborn Glass denies to break,
 And Stallion's Nourisher within must wreak,
 That Sun which in Man's product has a share
 The Caufer is of Putrefaction there

*Sol & Hams go
 attract Homines*

XXXV.

What is *Botargo*? what is *Caveare*?
 (Trash with Exotick words makes Lordly Fare)
 Both th' Entrals worth two shillings, serv'd up fine,
 (With Trickings) makes the Beck'ning two pound nine:
 Ask not particulars, a *Shampaign Knight*
 Paid alwaies so, may, then, the Score goes right.

XXXVI.

Montanus or *Crispinus* taught the waies
 To Luxury, & continu'd to our daies:
 Nothing but what costs dear is estimable,
 Meat from the Shambles is abominable
 'Twas so of old, and we have our done them;
 Our *Cleopatras* can dissolve a Gem.

XXXVII.

Who would into his naked Bosome take
 (If in his wits) a *Viper* or a *Snake*?
 Yet how restorative, without compare
 True *Venice Triacle* and *Viper Wines* declare:
 Nature made nothing lifeless, if we knew
 How kind she is, but that's reveal'd to few.

XXXVIII.

Before the Lazy would allis up, too late:
 Your Fishwife thinks they wote to *Billinggate*;
 And so would, those they buy, for if 'twere known,
 An Oyster has the like parts with our own;
 Now *Crispin* smiles, and preaches o're his Wine,
 Crispe, he has so, to *Horse Equiline*.

*An obscure term for the
 Stuck call'd a Puddle Dock.*

These

XXXIX.

These so glib Animals slip down apace,
 With a course Hand-cloth, and without a Grace;
 Let Liquor float about the Room, the Oyster
 Is all in all, when they have robb'd the Cloyster;
 Scorbutick wretch, hadst thou not *Dalman's Brains*,
 A Salt in it to set thee right remains.

XL.

The slimy Snail, if she forsake her Shell,
 We spurn, or trample on, when we are well;
 But when Consumptive, and our Lungs half spent,
 This way for her, and that, are Seryants sent,
 Frogs are an A-la-mode Dish, nay, we find
 Toads are an Antidote, when well calcin'd.

XLI.

What is an Eele but Slime and Mud when hot?
 'Kin to the Snake some think, and some think not,
 But what rare Bits lodge in the Lamprey-pot?
 When cut in pieces how they riggle about,
 As if the Soul was not as yet got out,
 To clear, that 'tis in ev'ry part, the doubt.

XLII.

The simple Ass Maids laugh at if she Bray,
 Turning their Heads away another way;
 But when they are condemn'd to leave off Silk
 And put on Flannel, O for Asses Milk!
 Could she, with *Balaam*, speak, return would be
 No, my Dear, no, you make worse noise than we.

XLIII.

The creeping worm, if she but shew her Head
 Above ground, underneath our Foot we tread;
 Little regarding, when he comes to die,
 A Potentate must at her mercy lie:
 Whose Body we make use of when we live,
 And find the same, when sick, relief to give.

XLIV.

The Industrious Spider spins not out for nought
Her Net-works, that th' unwary Fly be caught,
Whose Cobwebs, well disguis'd, we chuse to take
Rather than with a tedious Ague shake :

As when with Yellow Jaundise we are seiz'd
We comb Boys Heads, and with the Bugs are eas'd.

XLV.

The Swallow (a Swift indeed, to disappear,
And tarry but the warmer part of th' Year)
In Architecture cunning builds her Nest,
As if she meant for ever there to rest :

But when Physician calls for his supply,
Her young ones, like the Phoenix, nobly die.

XLVI.

The Early Crow takes pains to build her Nest,
And fights for right if Inmate her infest :
'Twas not for nothing Nature in her Books
Set down that Men may make a Meal on Rooks ;
Men, like their young ones, naked born and bare,
Who make it to grow fig their only care.

XLVII.

Now Crytick holds up Hand, and bites his Thumb,
Full of Burlesque, while all the rest sit dumb :
Poets, quoth he, fare hard, so do not we,
They leisure have enough to climb a Tree ;
For that truth let him meet me by and by,
We shall oblige him with a Puppy-pic.

XLVIII.

The Mouse if we find nibbling at a Cheese
So as to make her Lodgings by degrees,
'Tis tyranny to hamper in a Trap,
And interrupt her Breakfast with a snap :
Then toss her to the Cat in triumph great,
Her Excrements requite for what she eat.

That

XLIX.

That despicable Animal the Ant,
 That toils to lay up store while Sluggards want,
 Scarce Animal to be call'd without a Trope,
 Scarce visible without a Microscope:
 This Creature so minute, when he lies ill,
 Sends the great Monarch man help from her Hill.

L.

Alive, as born for one anothers good,
 What preparations come from humane Blood?
 So that when we lie foaming on the Ground,
 The chiefeft remedy from it is found:
 Nay, further, when we cease to be alive,
 Others our Brain and grated Scull revive.

LI.

Experiments have of late been made to trie
 Whether the Man as well as Sheep shall die,
 By Blood transfus'd; if Patient speak or bleat
 Our Operatour then has done the Feat;
 But let Projectours do whate're they can,
 He is but half a Brute and half a Man.

LII.

To Sun, to Moon, to *Mars*, to *Mercury*,
Jove, *Venus*, *Saturn* in distress we flie:
 When to be clos'd in her we are afraid,
 The Bowels of the Earth are open laid
 For Minerals, that the Microcosm Man
 May longer live whose Life is but a Span.

LIII.

From Birds, Beasts, Insects, things Inanimate,
 We Physick take, rather than yield to Fate;
 What Sublunary things are of that worth,
 That we should be so long in setting forth?
 O *Mammon*, *Mammon*, what is *Mammon* pray?
 Stiff, aggregate, consolidated Clay.

LIV.

The Chimney-sweeper would not work so hard
 In expectation of a Groat Reward,
 But take his Soot in kind for Recompence,
 Knew he how rich a Spirit's drawn from thence;
 Nor th' Emperour have sold his Subjects Piss [Vespeſian.
 So cheap, if he had known what Urine is.

LV.

Your Green Girls Cinders eat and Charcoal bite,
 Yet neither of these so much the Taste delight;
 To break a Quinsie if you would make sure,
 White sifted *Album Græcum* is the Cure:
 But nigh the Grapes Blood let no rude hand come,
 At least exclude that Devil of Devils *Stumme*.

LVI.

That non-fermenting subterraneous Fiend
 In Stomach or in Head must work i'th' end;
 Whence the Tartareous matter there remains,
 Gives us the Gout when erept into our Veins:
 Nor wonder then if all things goe not right,
 When what we take in Red, we let out White.

LVII.

The Paroxysm sure is fierce and strong
 That quite bereaves the Patient of his Tongue;
 Patient indeed, who sensibly can feel
 That in his Hand was Yesterday in's Heel;
 And very truly is he said o'retaken,
 That of his nimble Feet is quite forsaken.

LVIII.

Great *Alexander* never did intend
 To make a passage to his Bosome Friend;
 But he to whom the World too little was,
 Was conquered by a Multiplying Glass:
 Had *Olofernes* ne'r been steeped in Wine
Judeth had fail'd in her resolv'd design.

LIX.

The *Nazarite* forbid to taste the Vine,
 When *Champion* made against the *Philistine*,
 E're he had thoughts to take his latest Breath,
 Did them a Courtesie before his Death:
 Not Lullaby'd, nor Shorn, nor yet made Blind,
 He took care Vineyards should not stay behind.

LX.

Clofe-fisted *Nabal* made the matter worse,
 That at his best his Heart was in his Purse;
 If askt when Fasting, he had Grunted No,
 The Nature of the Beast was to do so;
 But to deny a King part of his Feast,
 This made the Drunken Churl a branded Beast.

LXI.

Pharaoh's chief *Butler* had by th' Neck been ti'd,
 Had he not had a Proverb on his side;
Rabbins expound, we seldom suffer harm
 From Beveridge large in which there is no Barm:
 But the poor *Kneader* (*malis avibus*)
 For a dull dreaming Soul was fain to truss.

LXII.

Must *Edenborough* new *London* Town exceed,
 And *Thamisis* be quite run down by *Tweed*?
Barkley had never had his Brains refin'd,
 Had he not got true Liquor to his mind.
 To Brew the Grape and equal it with Beer
 Is Felony in *Scotland*, why not here?

LXIII.

The *Vintner* then at *Algate* merits praise;
 In *Cypress* clad his Sign and fable Bays;
 A-Signal token of remorse within
 For his Adulterating, Blending sin;
 Unless by a Prophetick Vision told,
 No *Vin de boon* in *England* to be sold.

LXIV.

That Drawer at *Oxon* who in rage let flie
 Three Sack-buts, wading in it Ankle high,
 Knew what he did, and if well understood,
 'Twas for the publick Universal good :
 Set free at last from some years hard restraint,
 Let him be Canoniz'd the *Maudlen Saint*,

P O S T S C R I P T.

LXV.

Mirth madness is, all pleasant thoughts adieu
 If the foregoing Stories hold out true;
 What Pigmies must that dumpish Age produce,
 In which Men are debarr'd enabling Juice?
 Yet, *Quære*, if *Bacchus* put by this Nights sorrow,
 If it will not return with force to Morrow?

LXVI.

When Hospitality was kept i'th' Hall,
 And over Rump and Chime did Beards wag all,
 When the Black Jack and Horn went quick about,
 And Tenants warn'd to pay their Rent could do't,
 Men begat Men : now Bath, Wine, Musick, Mifs,
 Are all we care for, our Delight and Blifs.

LXVII.

Yet left some who to *Mahomet* incline,
 In *Coffee* and *Opium* trade in stead of Wine,
 Take Wives *sans* number, dream of Paradise,
 And Virgins with black, bright, full, rouling Eyes.
 Your Vessel know, then drink Sack, Pint one half,
 Remembring, * *God blefs me, and God blefs Ralph*,

* Ben. Johnson's constant Morning Ejaculation for his dearly beloved self, and his dear Drawer.

Errata. Page 3. In the Third Hexastich, *lin. ult.* read *Anacreon's*.

F I N I S.

